

DISPELLED DREAM OF WEALTH

Danish Woman Finally Convinced as to the Value of Note Peculiarly Marked.

The woman handed her friend a \$5 bill. "See the number of small five's engraved on it?" she asked. "When I was in Denmark a few years ago such a bill as that caused me a great deal of amusement, and I had to surrender one before I could prove myself clear of a false belief regarding my finances. An aunt whom I was visiting saw in my purse one day a number of these bills, and she asked to examine one, as it was so different from any of the Danish money. She studied it attentively a few minutes, and then asked me how much it was. I told her it was \$5, and, to my surprise, I saw she did not believe me. 'If it is only that amount,' she said, 'why has it so many little figures on it?' I tried to explain, but I made little impression on her. Later I heard she had told our relatives that I was 'worth thousands and thousands of dollars' and was trying to conceal the fact from the family lest they should expect some things of me that they would not otherwise. When I heard that I was visiting in another part of the country and could not very well defend myself, so I hit on the expedient of sending my aunt a present of a \$5 bill. When she went to have it changed into the money of the country she was at last convinced, though at the price of having her dream of wealth rudely shattered."

QUEER CASE OF SMUGGLING

Stolen Partridge Eggs Brought into Vienna by Means of a Dummy Baby.

A singular case of smuggling by means of a dummy baby was brought to light by the city customs officials at the Northwestern station recently. Partridge eggs have for long past been extensively stolen from preserved estates in Hungary, smuggled into Vienna and sold to poultry dealers, who hatched the eggs in incubators, brought up the birds by hand, and sold them below the prices asked by more honest dealers. A special lookout for smugglers has resulted in the arrest of two peasant women. Arriving in Vienna in the national Slavonian costume, each of them carried a baby, tied according to the invariable national custom, to a cushion, and so closely "packed" that only the face was visible. The women were noticed to be a little agitated as they passed the customs, and they were followed home. It was then discovered that while one baby was a living child, the other was a dummy. It consisted of a wax head, partly hidden by a shawl and a cap, while the cushion was filled with more than 600 partridge eggs.—Vienna Correspondence London Daily Mail.

Regulus a Roman Hero.
Regulus is counted as one of the great heroes of the old Roman empire. He was in command of an army that made an unsuccessful attempt to capture Carthage in Africa. The Carthaginians killed many of the Romans and took the rest prisoners. Among the captives was Regulus, the commander.

Now it happened that the Romans held several Carthaginians in captivity as well, so the leaders in Carthage offered to give Regulus his freedom if Rome would free their generals. The Romans were willing, but Regulus, the one for whom the trade was being made, counseled otherwise. He advised his people to hold fast to the Carthaginians and let Carthage do its worst to him, because the Carthaginians captured Rome held, Regulus said, were worth more than he was. He died a brave man's death.

Cat Fond of Eggs.
The owner of a clever cat writes to Our Dumb Animals that the pet, "a great, fat, lazy, good natured fellow," has a fondness for eggs. Sir Tom was detected in the kitchen recently on a table watching an unopened bag of eggs. "Stepping back noiselessly," writes the owner, "we saw him cautiously tear the bag with his teeth and claws, stopping every little bit to listen. Finally the opening was large enough for him to get out an egg by gentle little pats. He held the egg in his mouth, jumped to the floor, rolled his prize about gently until he got it into position, and then bumped it against the table leg until it broke. Then he enjoyed his feast." The writer wonders where Tom got the taste, as he is and "his ancestors for generations back were city bred."

Nature's Wise Provisions.
Many Scandinavians have a decidedly different anatomical construction from less hyperborean people. In these hardy northerners the layer of fat under the skin, panniculus adiposus, is somewhat seal-like and blubbery, something like in those cold sea animals, the whale, seal and walrus. Also the blood vessels in this fat are somewhat overdeveloped as in sea mammals. All this comes about from exposure to the severities of disease and climate. It is an unusual thing for Norwegians and Swedes to stay in icy cold water for hours hunting sea weed without suffering sickness or discomfort.

The Upper Class.
"Aviation is quite an aristocratic sort of sport, isn't it?"
"Certainly, since all who pursue it may properly be described as belonging to the upper class."



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Winnie and the Widower

By Emeric Hulme Beaman

"It's the first time," said Winnie, letting her eyes droop, "it's the first time that we have been quite alone together—since it happened."

The widower seemed struck by the circumstance.

"Yes," he replied consideringly, "I believe it is—I positively believe it is."

"I—I hope," she said timidly, "I hope you've got over it—by now?"

The widower reflected.

"I think I have," he answered conscientiously; "I'm almost sure I have. You see, I have been trying hard—traveling and all that sort of thing, you know. I finished up at Monte Carlo. The place cheered me wonderfully; I lost quite a lot of money at the tables."

"I think that was very wrong of you," said Winnie, sternly. "Gambling is wicked."

"Ah—but if you knew what a relief it was to be able to do something wicked again," sighed the widower, "you would overlook it. Do you know, I was gradually becoming almost too good to live. It gave me quite a shock, when I realized it. My constitution would not have stood the strain much longer, I am certain."

"The older men grow the worse they get," declared Winnie with the air of one delivering a profound epigram.

"That, of course, is the natural tendency," he admitted. "It doesn't do to check it—beyond a certain point." He sighed again at this sudden contemplation of man's innate depravity. "It's like suppressing measles," he added a little inconsequently.

Winnie was silent for a moment. Then she looked up suddenly, fixing her large, blue, childish eyes on the widower's abstracted countenance.

"I can't think," she protested, "what on earth ever made you marry her."

The widower withdrew his gaze slowly from vacancy and let it rest on her face with mild wonder.

"You didn't know my wife," he remarked cryptically.

"I don't see that that would have helped to explain what made you marry her," persisted Winnie.

"It would have helped immensely," he corrected. "It would have afforded



Never Mind the Next Dance.

a complete and satisfactory explanation, in fact."

Winnie shook her head.

"I don't understand," she admitted. "It has puzzled me ever since—especially as—as—" She faltered and blushed.

"Exactly," said the widower. "Especially as that was the case."

"Don't be absurd!" exclaimed Winnie wrathfully. "All the same, I should like to know," she added, with true feminine pertinacity, "what made you marry her?"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked calmly.

"Do, please," entreated Winnie.

"She did," said the widower.

"She did? What do you mean?"

"I mean that she made me marry her," explained the widower patiently.

"Your wife?" demanded Winnie, opening wide eyes of amazement upon him.

"Yes. She was a woman of the most extraordinary determination. She was very rich, too." He sighed.

"Money is such a power," he added.

"Then," said Winnie, with an air of stern rebuke, "it was not a love match at all?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly what you would describe as a love match," he conceded; "although she pretended to be very devoted to me. I may add that she had a rather remarkable way of showing her devotion at times."

"What sort of a remarkable way?" inquired Winnie, becoming interested.

"Did she pet you too much?"

"Hardly too much," replied the widower reflectively. "You see, the poor girl had a somewhat fiery temper. She was terribly jealous—entirely, oh, quite entirely without cause," he hastened to add. "Nevertheless, she would not allow me on any consideration to speak to a woman under forty-five."

"That must have been a great hardship," murmured Winnie.

"I could have supported it with equanimity," he sighed. "But she latterly developed various uncomfortable eccentricities. Among other things she became a vegetarian, and compelled me to live on herbs, like herself. She embraced the absurd theory that two meals a day were enough for human beings to subsist upon, and

from that moment I never knew what it was not to feel hungry. It was this practice, I believe, that eventually carried her off."

"She—she was not very young?" hazarded Winnie.

"Poor girl—no! She—she had been, I believe. But she outgrew it. She was in her sixty-fourth year when she expired."

"Sixty-four!" exclaimed Winnie.

"Sixty-three," he corrected.

"O—oh!" ejaculated Winnie in a long-drawn gasp. "And you—you were only twenty-five when you married her!"

"When she married me," the widower interposed mildly. "Yes; I couldn't help that, you know. It was three years ago now, so I became considerably older as we went along."

"She was old enough to have been your grandmother!" exclaimed Winnie indignantly.

"True; but she would never have consented to act in that relation towards me—though, of course, I should have preferred it, if it could have been arranged."

"I feel," declared Winnie severely, "that we are treating the subject much too flippantly."

"You've not been married," he sighed; "so you don't know."

"That's true," conceded Winnie meditatively. "I don't know—at least, not yet—"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," put in the widower, with sudden eagerness.

"Oh, but I am not sure that I want to," she objected.

"You would then enjoy the advantage of being in a position to prove your assertion," he urged.

"And, supposing I found—when it was too late—that I was wrong?" she demurred.

"You wouldn't," said the widower, with emphasis. "You would find that—in your case—theory and practice would entirely coincide. To begin with, you—are not a vegetarian."

"But," protested Winnie, "my husband might insist upon making me become one."

"I can answer for him," said the widower decisively. "Do you know—Winnie—by the way, you don't mind my calling you 'Winnie,' do you?"

"Winnie" has always struck me as being the very prettiest name a girl could have—Winnie."

"I didn't say you could!" she exclaimed.

"I have a wonderful way of taking things for granted," explained the widower airily. "But do you know, it just occurred to me—while you were talking and while you were showing me what a beautiful thing marriage might be with a sweet girl (who wasn't a vegetarian)—it just occurred to me that I was most frightfully fond of you—"

"Oh," said Winnie, rising. "There's the next dance beginning, and I—"

"Sit down," said the widower, placing a detaining hand on her arm. "Never mind the next dance. What do you think I came here for tonight? I didn't come to dance. I came to see you. I have been waiting to see you for—four months; but they told me you were engaged, and I kept away."

"I—I broke it off," she murmured, looking down.

"Was—was he a vegetarian?" asked the widower anxiously.

Winnie raised her eyes to his, and her cheeks turned suddenly crimson.

"No, but I, I—"

The widower gave a little triumphant laugh.

"My darling," he whispered in her ear, "we can make it up to each other all the rest of our lives!"

READY FOR WAR IN THE AIR

France Already Has Organized the Fourth Arm of This Most Important Service.

France and Germany lead the world in military aviation; and, despite sensational reports to the contrary, France is at present considerably ahead of Germany. France has at this moment 208 avions, or military aeroplanes, actually ready for use, and a grand total of 234 machines built and building. These are divided into thirteen squadrons, or squadrons; eight field and five garrison squadrons. The military aviation unit, as stated by the French war minister in the senate, is a squadron of eight avions, in three sections—monoplanes, biplanes and multiplanes—plus a reserve section. Each squadron is provided with transport and material, comprising eleven or twelve motor wagons with tractors, a repair car, and a rapid motor car.

At the end of 1912 the French war office will be able to dispose of 344 avions, comprised in thirty-two squadrons, twenty-seven field and five garrison squadrons. This total includes the 100 avions which are to be presented to the state by the eighty-seven departments. It is practically certain, however, that France's total at the end of 1912 will be not 344, but between 500 and 600 machines built and building. The 344 government aeroplanes probably will be increased to 400 or more machines from all sources by December, 1912, by which time fully 100 or 150 more will have been ordered by the French war office. It should be remembered that the French rate of progress is an increasing ratio, and that it is the admitted intention of France to produce a fleet of 2,000 to 3,000 aeroplanes, fully equipped and officered for war purposes, within the next three or four years.—W. Joynton Hicks, M. P., in the National Review.

Explained.

"She claims to light on astral subjects."

"Yes. I notice she uses astral lamps."

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(By C. H. Tavenner.)

Washington, May 12.—"We favor federal aid to state and local authorities in the construction and maintenance of post roads."

This was one of the planks in the platform adopted by the national Democratic party at the convention at Denver. The Democratic House of Representatives, in further proof that the party believes in giving the people after election what it promised to give them before election, has passed the Shackelford amendment to the Postoffice Appropriation bill. This amendment proposes an expenditure of an estimated sum of from ten to eighteen million dollars annually for the construction and improvement of the nation's roads.

The principle on which it is proposed to spend this money is based on compensation to be paid by the federal government for the use of roads traversed by carriers in the rural free delivery service, and is divided into three classes, as follows:

Class A—The highest form of improved road in the country, for which it is proposed to pay \$25 per mile per year.

Class B—A thoroughfare of high quality, but not equal to Class A, for which it is proposed to pay \$20 per mile per year.

Class C—The ordinary dirt road of the country, somewhat improved, for which it is proposed to pay \$15 per mile per year.

When the Democrats in session at Denver adopted the good roads plank they took the first real step toward giving expression to a sentiment that has been growing rapidly throughout the country. For many years the people who live in the farming communities, and in the smaller towns, have felt that too much of the public money was being spent in the cities, and that the government would get a larger return for expenditures made on good roads. In the last ten years, say those who ought to know, fully 90 per cent of the public revenue has been spent in the cities, notwithstanding the fact that the people of the country have furnished more than half of all the money collected by the government.

A quarter of a century ago the proportion of rural population as compared to that of the cities was about 60 per cent. It is now less than 45 per cent. This is an abnormal falling off, and shows that people are "getting away" from the farms. Many of the Democratic leaders in Congress attribute this falling off, in part at least, to the isolation due to poor roads.

It has also been pointed out in speeches in Congress recently that the cost of living is directly related to the good roads problem. When the highways are poor it costs the farmer more to move his products, with the result that the city dweller has to pay more. This represents a dead waste, inasmuch as the farmer gets none of the increased prices that are paid for his products. The profit is simply swallowed up in the high cost of transportation over poor roads.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Johnson Thursday morning. Hull, Stucker & Schwartz is the style of the firm that has taken possession of the old Lobdell shop, on the corner of Kansas avenue and Laklin street, which they are using as headquarters for their punctureless tire filler, on which they have a great sale.

Don't fail to read Mrs. Keith's ad. in this issue.

The seven months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Sanko, on Route 6, died Wednesday morning. Funeral services were conducted from the Catholic church at Ellsworth on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bushman were up from Seward the first of the week visiting friends.

Mrs. Sam Wollman of LaCrosse was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Born, the first of the week.

YOU ARE READING THIS AD.—OTHERS WILL READ YOURS

MOST everybody reads the ads in this paper. They furnish as much news to the man in town and on the farm as the personals, and often more. Peter Smith's wife wants a new hat. Smith sees by the paper that Jones is selling hats at so much. Johnson's store ad. is missing from the paper—Johnson's trying a non-advertising policy.

RESULT—Jones gets Smith's money—Smith's wife gets her hat.

KEEPS HENS AT THEIR WORK

Simple Contrivance Used by Western Man Cures Them of Desire to "Set."

Owners of hens are frequently greatly annoyed by the persistent desire of their fowls to set, in season and out, on eggs, stones or other objects to hand. But a western man has evolved a plan to circumvent the hen in this respect.

The cure consists of a cheap watch with a loud and clear tick, inclosed in a case that is white and shaped like an egg. When one of the hens belongs to this westerner manifests a desire to set out of season he gently places the bogus egg under her sheltering breast. The "egg" ticks cheerfully away, and soon the hen begins to evince signs of uneasiness and stir the noisy egg around with her bill, thinking, no doubt, that it is already time for it to hatch. She becomes more and more uneasy as the noise continues, and soon jumps off the nest and runs about a while to cool off. Soon, however, she returns to her self-imposed task. Matters get worse and worse; she wiggles about and cackles, ruffles her feathers and generally shows distress. Finally, with a wild squawk, she abandons the nest for good and all, and the incubating fever is broken completely.

The westerner has found use for half a dozen of these noisy eggs, and he claims that they pay for themselves again and again during the year by holding the hens to their business of laying and preventing them from wasting the golden hours in useless incubating.

SOMETHING NOT IN DEMAND

One Accomplishment That Employers of Cashiers Make No Great Effort to Foster.

Having graduated from a business college with honors the young man thought himself competent to tackle any problem in banking that could be learned without actual experience, but the old clerk knew better.

"Can you make an erasure so neatly that it would take an expert to tell where it had been done?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the young man with conscious pride.

"Well, for heaven's sake don't tell your prospective employer so or you will be looking for a job this time next year," the old clerk said.

"Employers are afraid of too much skill in that direction. It gives such enormous opportunities for fraud that they will fight shy of hiring you."

"I found that out in my young days. I also was an expert with the ink eraser and proudly proclaimed my accomplishment. Finally, when I found myself toiling the starvation mark I ceased to boast, and have held a good situation ever since."

Birds Flock to Their Death.

An old sportsman of Normandy declares that round the lighthouse of Barfleur last November there were picked up in the course of four nights 10,000 birds of all sorts, including 1,800 woodcock. The lighthouse on the Pointe de Penmarc'h, in Brittany, has a revolving light of 30,000,000 candle power. Visiting this on November 10 last year, and again on the 12th, an observer saw tens of thousands of birds whirling round, and it seemed to him that the light shot out a perfect hail of electric sparks among the migrants. Next morning he was present while the dead bodies were being collected. They are dispatched every day to Paris by train, and the "catch," he was told, often comprised 2,000 to 4,000 victims; one morning alone there had been more than 500 woodcock in the "bag."

Instinct Was There.

Mr. Isaacs had had a busy day, what with lending money at 90 per cent, and discounting bills at 50, and he was annoyed on returning home to find the apple of his eye howling the house down. That child would not be quiet, not even when his fond papa took him in his arms. Then the parent tried walking up and down the room, singing songs, but after having sung every song from "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" to "Hey Diddle Diddle," he thought of giving it up. However, he tried one more song. It was "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Hardly had he started when there was an instant hush and a tiny voice cried out: "Make it two shillings, fader; I'll be asleep in thirty seconds!"—London Answers.

Guest Room Slate.

One of the greatest conveniences which a hostess can devise for her guests is a clearly written card set on the bedroom writing table detailing the hours of meals, the times of incoming and outgoing posts, the principal trains and other useful information.

It was someone's clever idea to provide a small china slate in each room, on which might be written instructions for the housemaid. It is often difficult to find her during the day in order to ask for the hot bottle, the glass of warm milk, the necessary help when dressing for dinner, or other needs that may be required, and to ring for her often is not desirable.

Does Seem Odd.

"Napoleon was a remarkable man." "Yes; he was a remarkable man. But why should he wear seven suits of clothes at Waterloo?"

"Seven suits?" "I have seen that many in various museums."